Break my heart again

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Break my heart again

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Will goes over to Hannibal's house to try and find evidence proving he's the Ripper. What he finds, instead, is a lingerie-clad Hannibal, desperately pleasuring himself while calling Will's name...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"*So break my heart again, break my heart again*
You could be gone in the morning
I wouldn't mind if it meant I got one more night
Love drunk on your skin, don't care where we've been
If I could have you in the end
I'd let you break my heart over and over again" -Danielle Bradbery

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Hannibal chose not to bestow his deepest complexity of thinking on this afternoon's solitary exploration. It might raise unnecessary and unpalatable questions which being solitary had made it both difficult and easier to avoid.

However, despite his cool demeanor and utter confidence, such as he had devoted to this particular activity in the past, questions were invading. He could not block them off. His memory palace doors were blown wide open, permanently, by Will Graham. How very inconvenient.

The afternoon would normally be occupied by his appointments with patients, all of which he had canceled. Will's next visit to his office would not occur until Friday, two days in an unknowable future. Hannibal could not make it forty-eight hours without doing something about his feelings, especially knowing that such a solution or expression would by no means be allowed for in Will's presence.

He could tell himself this would be the time for his seductive endeavors to close in on his intended; he could pretend he had the "nerve" to show his desire. But he was unused to the emotional force of that desire; it came with a fear which puzzled, intimidated, and in some ways silenced him.

He took a long, hot soak in a luscious bubble bath, considering the matter fully, since he had no choice and the thoughts would not dissipate otherwise. Immersed in the water and all of his favored, exorbitantly priced, rare and imported products, he nearly berated himself for the choice of fragrance. Out of the whole recently arrived assortment of personal care delicacies, he had selected the one scent that reminded him of Will.

The bubbles all over his skin smelled fresh and manly, of mysterious bergamot, refreshing grapefruit, an unexpected flourish of saffron, balancing cinnamon, and as an overly clear "Wolf Trap, VA" touch, tobacco and leather notes.

He was bathing in Will. He was foolish and sentimental and everything he'd sworn never to be for anyone. He had "gone overboard," to put it lightly. It had not seriously occurred to him to phone Alana and use her body to satisfy his needs, which she might have at least been happy to do by evening, but this wasn't about Alana and so she wouldn't be good enough. He didn't even want her and never had, although she was beautiful. No beauty had meaning anymore for him except Will's.

So, hating himself and mocking his own embarrassing choices would be easy, but the point of taking the afternoon off was for self-love, and that automatically forbade hate.

He had no idea what the future held for his recently rather tormented and ever confused pursuit of Will's heart, but he did know this was about Will, about being able to face him on Friday with something like a clear mind. His body had to be sated, or there would be no relief to allow his eloquent ability to observe and properly respond to Will's latest tricks and ploys and indications of growth into his true self. These had been so entangled since the boy's release from the BSHCI that Hannibal could not separate them out any more than Will apparently could.

They had the textbook definition of a love/hate relationship, and it meant that Will's conflicted feelings and motives were all tangled around Hannibal's heart as well, like a crown of thorns. He was on the verge of becoming a willing martyr for the glory of Will's Becoming, and nothing could be more religious. At the same time the ground had became dangerous to tread near Will, the ground had dropped out from under Hannibal.

He could lose Will, he might draw him closer, they might elope or kill each other within days, they might never touch again. He might die if they never kissed or made love. He sounded ridiculous, as if he couldn't have absolutely anyone in the world he desired, merely with a slight nod of his head. He could have any vice, any debauched fantasy come to life, for he was charming and sensuous, and lovers flocked to him naturally. How terrible to have lost his taste for all of that, when it used to provide such a pleasant opportunity for release and inspiration.

He sank all the way under the water, floating lightly suspended in the deep tub. In his mind's eye, in his ears, in his every sense perception he was more flooded with Will, with Will's smallest adorable gesture or unknowingly sexy habit; with Will's darkness and desire for vengeance against him, Will's slow but true, aching rebirth to his murderous calling.

The sound of Will's voice echoing in his bones, the feeling of his near presence and warmth sending pleasurable longing through his bloodstream like a drug. Imagining how Will would feel more intimately, his silky curls and soft, smooth skin, his sweet and full lips, his perfect body and all the countless ways Hannibal could make him feel, ways this irresistible boy never dreamed possible.

That was the final nail in the coffin of his already low reserve of holding back from this passionate, possibly unrequited, perhaps ruined, by now desperate and all-encompassing obsession.

He therefore rose up with a small slosh of water tinted dark pink from the thousand dollar soap he would love to slather all over Will. And climbed out of the tub, merely patting his skin down lightly with a fluffy towel to remove the extremes of dampness.

Otherwise, he would air dry. A pleasant sensation that made him feel open, aroused, sensitive. He liked the air touching his dewy skin, and there was a bracing clarity in his eyes when he wiped the steam from the mirror and saw his own face. Hannibal was almost fifty years old, and he had never seen that look on his face.

Since Will said he would like to kill Hannibal with his hands, the therapist had not been able to get past the sound and feeling of it, the idea of that. Will towering over him like the giant he had become inside Hannibal's mind, where he stomped triumphantly with muddy boots all

over the smooth, flawless marble floors, shouting accusations to break the soothing quiet. Will taking Hannibal's breath and Hannibal's body to do whatever he damn well pleased with them.

Oh, God, and there was another thought Hannibal had never had happen to him before, or not since his boyhood, when it was fleetingly sent up to cruel heaven in a plea for mercy before being forever withdrawn out of hate and betrayal, grief and loss. Church ceiling collapses of the soul.

Oh, God. The reverberated phrase still came out as a begging for mercy, but it was an entirely different type. The mercy of not being so hated that Will shut him out. The mercy of being able to save what they had before Hannibal tarnished it with his mistakes and not knowing how to deal with love.

The mere idea of Will taking him, claiming him with viscous, possessive insistence. Letting his aggression, his righteous anger and his confused passion just plummet all over Hannibal like a waterfall, drowning him. He would die for that, yes. He might die for that.

And so, he remained nude and walked to his room, where he lit two candles, something simpler this time, Rose Prick by Tom Ford. Not strong enough to smother the scent of his Dream Will on his skin, but the spicier floral felt more like Hannibal himself, so he could dream of their togetherness fully.

He opened his dresser and selected a few items of decidedly saucy lingerie, which he had never worn in any of his encounters with Alana. It wasn't that he thought she would be opposed to the idea, as she most likely would not. He simply did not care for her with sufficient depth and intimacy to share something quite so bone-deep.

Wanting to look and feel beautiful as an offering to Will was something else entirely. It sat, honeyed, on his tongue, pushing out the former awareness of his own superiority and entire autonomy. A palette cleanser for which the only main course was one form or another of personal annihilation.

Destruction of the self. Either by submitting to, and becoming one with Will. Dominating him to accomplish the same. Those lines were so blurry that the word "delirious" came to mind.

There were an equal amount of days when Hannibal craved to be inside that luscious boy, and then times he felt the only chance to be whole was Will, hot, heavy, hard, seated so deep in Hannibal that he could not breathe except to moan.

Or, destruction of the self by mutual death. He might prefer for them to live together, to leave this past version of himself and forge a new creature with and as Will, but either result would provide him satisfaction. Life with Will, Death with Will, or even by his hand if that was the only choice left. Anything else was completely hollow and fruitless.

He modeled the lingerie in the mirror, wondering what had specifically struck him to don the black lace corset, red leather garter belt, tiny black thong, and thigh high stockings, soft as air, with a red lace lining and black sheer fabric below. The attire went together perfectly,

providing such a structured and overtly, even outrageously sexual effect, a bold statement, but he felt vulnerable because of it.

It occurred to him as he began touching himself again, with more intention and determination than his lazy, occasional caresses in the bath, and watched his reflection touching, stroking, pinching and groping, Hannibal wanted to remember what it was like to be thought devastatingly desirable, beautiful. He could not quite remember.

The affection and attraction he bore Will which often seemed one-sided had removed that part of his large ego like an abrupt and thorough open heart surgery.

His solid and unworried belief he was sublimely handsome and lust-worthy had been corroborated by years of being pursued by attractive prospects while he kept all the power on his side. Had been confirmed by the raunchy trysts he indulged whenever the urge struck, never a moment's doubt he could have just what he wanted in such a mood. Not like now.

Hannibal supposed he wanted to feel loved. He ran his fingers across his collarbone and up to his aching lips. Down to his bare chest above the corset, and the soft hair that covered his muscular skin there. A soft, deft tweak of each nipple finished the work of taking him from half hard to throbbing.

He lay down on the bed and licked his fingers this time, playing with his nipples slowly. The thick erection, wrapped like a gift in black silk and lace, began to fill out even more while his panties were soon wet with copious pre-cum. His overactive Cowper's gland had never embarrassed him until he began to wonder if Will would be disgusted by how generously his pre-cum flowed with the slightest arousal, continuing throughout sex and often soaking the bed along with his lover's skin.

Now, he felt too good, despite the sadness and confusion in his heart, to worry about that. He let it happen, reaching with mounting excitement for the organic lube and large toy he had left on the bed. He might need at least half a bottle of the lube to insert the black, silicone prostate probe, but it would be - he assumed - well worth it.

He felt like tormenting himself and applying pleasure all at once, so he applied arousal oil first, slicking his engorged cock while noticing that the fresh, soothing scent of botanicals from the product belied the immediate effect of pleasurable, if teasing, stimulation. There was nothing relaxing about being this excited, except that his hole responded to it as well, his body sensing the specific anticipation he was building, his body expressed this craving, needing to be *fucked. Begging* for it, from the soaked panties to the fluttering sensitivity of his hole, there was no feeling in him but wanting and needing.

To continue the process, he next applied the lube, embracing the necessity of a somewhat loud and shameless squelching noise, because this was going to feel so good if he did it just right. He had tugged the thong down, leaving it tight under his balls to add pleasurable pressure there; it was also easy to slip the back string from between his cheeks and start fingering himself open.

He was already gasping, just from the feeling of his own big fingers stretching the rim, soaking wet, gliding in as his desire continued increasing and making this even easier. By the

time he began to press the toy inside him, he was genuinely afraid that he would come untouched by the time the huge, long probe was halfway in.

It felt so unbelievable; the ridges on the soft silicone increased the stimulation of being penetrated, setting off blissful tremors in his tightest places that stretched more to accommodate the delicious intrusion.

He kept flicking his thumb over a nipple and closing his eyes, giving himself to fantasy, moaning huskily until the toy was fully seated and involuntarily, he almost whined Will's name. *Oh, God.*

So big, so deep…he was breathtakingly glad that he'd opted for the very longest version of the toy, getting much further in than most any other would be able to do. He was impaled and all that bled from him was pleasure, mind-melting, combined with the sweet agony of loving Will, wondering if Will would feel like this, knowing Will would be a thousand times better. Picturing, imagining Will kissing him, licking and biting him all over, issuing whispered, filthy orders which Hannibal would instantly, joyfully obey.

Will, holding him down and taking out his revenge by pounding his cock into Hannibal with selfish heat until he could ruthlessly spill his seed, then slap Hannibal and call him a needy slut. That was…*good*…Hannibal held the base of the toy with shaky hands and pumped it slowly, only teasing the prostate to keep prolonging the wait for an orgasm. It was going to be so intense, and there was no need to touch his cock, which would only make it happen faster in the wrong way to achieve the specific, world-blurring jolt of euphoria he sought.

Then, he thought of Will changing, softening in his eyes after that. Kissing Hannibal more slowly and tenderly, telling him he'd been good and that he was *loved*. Forgiven. Claimed, forever.

"Will," he sighed, lying on his side to get the best angle, thrusting into himself, tears sliding from his overwhelmed state, staining the pillowcase.

His pre-cum was by now so much that the whole towel he had put down in anticipation of this issue was entirely soaked. In his single-minded hurry he had not the patience to find the more absorbent pads he'd bought. But he didn't care about ruining his perfect, shiny blue bedding now, not now. With his cock twitching, spilling pearly essence of desire all over himself, his thighs and fancy lingerie, the bed, on and on. So much, everywhere and inside. All for Will. Will filled every one of his thoughts and feelings. If only Will could want this, if only he could see and understand.

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Will figured this would be a perfect time to sneak into Hannibal's pretentious house and hunt through it looking for clues to condemn him. All he had to do was concoct a story later to make it admissible evidence in court, and Jack would surely help with that.

Sometimes having a boss with gray morals was an advantage. Not when Jack was using Will or being mean to him, being so insensitive. But now, these days, when Will didn't need a

damn father figure in his life, they aligned better. They could be heartless in their shared crusade against the Ripper.

Hannibal would be at work; Will had carefully checked his planner of appointments the last time he'd sat behind the therapist's desk. He left the house dark, curtains drawn as he flicked a flashlight on, grimly surveying the place.

He tried to push away the thought of how much he used to want to be here in this stunning home that was so Hannibal, so cutely over-the-top with macabre sophistication and lofty antiques, every top-of-the-line culinary tool. Now that he knew where the tendency to love the darker side of art came from, and how exactly the culinary tools would be used, Will had to shut off the longing and attraction like a light switch. Same as Hannibal had rejected him, it ought to be that simple. It wasn't. It still hurt.

Will searched downstairs first, even the basement, which had been cleaned out entirely, looking as innocent as a room version of a church mouse, practically blinking at him with benign and angelic sweetness. White walls, a fridge full of regular, non-human food and drink, a gorgeous wine collection. Maybe he'd steal one on his way out and make sure it was rare, expensive, irreplaceable. Some things were so precious and unique, they never came back once lost.

Metaphor in there somewhere. He was not going to think about it. He'd just knock back a few relaxing glasses of insanely superb wine and read a book by the space heater later, kick back this time. Let himself enjoy the night instead of worrying or craving impossible affection that ought to disgust him.

Just…let himself be Will again. As if he deserved to be. Beyond just a tool for whoever wanted to use him from one moment to the next, Will, a good man with eclectic interests and fond creature comforts. He was so tired of letting this life take all that away, hard-won as it was.

The annoyingly clean basement and equally blasé, familiar but innocuous kitchen and library angered him with their deception. He considered wrecking the herb garden but didn't feel like smelling the beautiful plants or feeling them die, crushed in his dirty fingers.

So instead, he turned his flashlight to the staircase and nimbly went up it, figuring he'd check Hannibal's bedroom. Maybe there were hidden drawers in the Ripper's bureau, filled with secrets about his true activities and horrific deeds. He was such a show-off, so full of himself! There had to be something here that Will could use.

He froze with his mouth hanging open when he started walking into the open door of his enemy's bedroom. The first thing that happened to him was confused disorientation at the rosy, soft and intimate lighting and the sweetly fragrant candles, and then the loud, raspy groans hit him like a arrow to the heart. He never thought he would hear the sounds Hannibal made when he was torn apart with sexual pleasure, although yes, he had thought about it, sometimes (vividly).

But there Will was, in his crisp, cream-colored shirt and fitted, perfectly ironed navy trousers. This was the way he dressed now, in order to impress and beguile Hannibal with the intention

of destroying him, of course. And now he was shutting his flashlight off and taking a few staggering heartbeats to watch and listen.

Hannibal probably did have secret compartments in his dresser, but Will now assumed they were full of something different from the bloody knives and murder souvenirs he'd imagined (he'd really overshot that, for fuck's sake; why was he really there?).

They might instead have more sex toys like the enormous, long black dildo which Hannibal was using to slowly fuck himself, sliding it with deep strokes, crying into his pillow with the overpowering pleasure he gave himself. Will heard his own name on Hannibal's tongue, along with profanities in several languages and panting, heaving breaths.

And as he stared at his nemesis' raunchy display, Hannibal dressed in beautiful, silky lingerie hugging and showing off a body too glorious to be believed, Will felt his cock jerk untouched in his pants. Then he realized he'd been desperately aroused and quickly hardening since he turned the corner into the room and stopped like a baffled voyeur.

He wasn't entirely sure what he'd have done, if he would even have made himself known, if he might have taken advantage of such a vulnerable moment to attack Hannibal and rid himself of the most painful, destructive influences on his life and heart. He'd never know. Because Hannibal looked up through his pleasure-glazed, reddened, wet eyes and blurted in shock, "*Will*?"

Will thought seeing Hannibal this overcome with embarrassment was even wilder than watching him fuck himself.

The older man turned beet red from a previous shade of blushing and straining erotic intensity. He began to remove the toy, flinching at the sudden stop of stimulation and the cutting off of an approaching orgasm. Shaking from this discomfort, struggling with mortification, he said quickly, "Will, wait."

As if he assumed Will would turn and flee from such a sight, perhaps be repulsed. Instead, Will strolled in, finding a new, shadowy mood descending on him like a veil falling over his form, yet revealing something underneath his person suit.

"Don't stop on my account, Dr. Lecter," he drawled, pausing beside the bed quite near to Hannibal's shuddering form.

Hannibal was all sweaty, hard muscles and hairy chest wet with it; the lacy lingerie was even sexier up close, emphasizing his powerful body and the curves of his thighs, his plush ass, his rock hard, huge dick.

"I think this has gone on long enough," Hannibal groaned, continuing to stop his masturbation until Will gave him a sharp glare and snapped at him.

"*Don't.* Did I tell you to stop? *Did I?*" The power and intensity in his voice startled him but he couldn't stop it, didn't even want to.

"N-no, Will," Hannibal answered politely, "You didn't tell me to. Would you like me to go on? Do you want to have control of the experience?"

"I don't have to want it, Doctor, I *have* it, don't I?" He raised his eyebrows, smirking softly.

Hannibal's beautiful, lovelorn amber eyes raked up and down Will in an adoring panic impossible to conceal, and of course he noticed how hard Will was, obscenely tenting his trousers while saying nothing about it.

"Yes, you have control. I'll do anything you say." Hannibal moaned, the sound rushing through Will with a sense of his own quiet authority, a delight at being in charge of such rapture in the man he – against everything he'd done to prevent it – desperately loved and lusted for.

"I hope so, as you wouldn't much like the consequences." Will sat down in a high-backed armchair which he had dragged close to the bed so he could observe. He crossed his legs, groaning under his breath at the difficulty of this due to his arousal, and then folded his hands on his lap like he was at a tea party.

"I'll take whatever you give me," Hannibal maintained shakily, still paused with the toy halfway into his gorgeous ass, so that Will got a good look at the tight, pink hole hugging the black dildo.

Fuck. Will undid the first three buttons of his shirt and swallowed hard. His eyes darkened even more, illuminated in the candlelight so that he looked elegantly savage.

"In that case, keep going," Will ordered. "But this time, I want you to shove the toy in *harder,* faster. Do you have enough lube?"

"More than enough," Hannibal admitted, adding more to his hole where it was clenched on the toy, then the toy itself as he moved it in and out shallowly. He closed his eyes and sighed, "Will, I never thought…"

"Yet it was me you thought of while pushing that…impressive toy into your tight, admirably fit body, Dr. Lecter. Now, why was that? Fuck yourself hard and tell me, but don't come."

Hannibal obeyed, looking like he might faint from the happiness of doing what he was told by Will. He moaned at the pleasure and the roughness causing him pain, the penetration so immense and deep that it was terribly hard to control without coming.

"I want you," Hannibal gasped, meeting his eyes, looking so lost and needy. "I only want you. I love you."

"Is that so? You certainly have a funny way of showing it," said Will humorlessly, coldly. "I don't think I believe you."

"It's true," Hannibal sighed, light lashes fluttering at the sensation as he went on relentlessly pummeling himself, finally hitting the spot a few times in a row full on. More swears, in Italian, French, possibly Lithuanian. More wanton cries of "Will."

“I may not find that very convincing, but you do look tempting in that whorish little outfit, Doctor. In fact, you’re stunning.” Will looked his fill, again and again, unable to have enough. His fingers ached to touch, his cock wanted nothing but to be deep in his worst enemy.

His heart was pounding uncontrollably, and he was sweating, too, now. Trembling. His voice shook as he noticed Hannibal glancing down at the wet blanket, which he had soaked with a lot more pre-cum than Will had known was even possible. More than the consistent drip that he produced himself when aroused, Hannibal was…drenching everything with the musky-smelling, sticky proof of his excessive pleasure.

“You don’t want me noticing how wet you are?” Will asked, surprised to hear that his tone had turned sensitive and almost caring. “Would you prefer I changed the subject?”

“Yes.” Hannibal was humiliated and not sure how to feel about it. But he kept fucking himself, like a trooper. Will’s heart bloomed with fondness.

“Okay, slow down now, take it easy,” he urged, “ssshhh, it’s okay. That’s alright. I’ll change the subject. Lovely weather we’re having. It’s pouring out, you know. Thunder, lightning.”

“Appropriate,” Hannibal gritted out, sliding the toy in with expert strokes that made Will’s body go more tense with his own need.

“Hmm. Yes. It’s very…” Will waved his hand, balanced precariously between darkly dominating and affectionately humorous. “*Wuthering Heights,*” he finished as a genuine smile snuck into his expression.

“Yes. It is.” Hannibal laughed and cried at the same time. It was damn cute, truth be told.

Will stood up. He walked to the bed more deliberately and said bluntly, “Stop.”

He reached down, keeping hard eye contact and moving the toy in and out with his own hand. He thought Hannibal was going to shatter into a thousand pieces.

Now he understood that the Ripper genuinely loved him, and this wasn’t a game. And he felt, finally, let himself feel how greatly he reciprocated the deep emotion.

Hannibal was his other half. He’d fucked up, misunderstood what to do about each other and destroyed his own chances with Will. And he was here, playing hooky from work and fucking himself thinking of Will. *God*. Will loved how the big toy felt, gliding into that tight ass. Hannibal had such a perfect body.

“Will, please,” Hannibal was begging tearfully. Completely humbled and undone by Will pleasuring him, as he must have dreamed. They shared this dream. Now they could step into it together.

“You sound good saying that, Daddy.”

Hannibal moaned more softly. Will threaded his fingers through the messy and sweaty, soft silvery hair, the shades of light brown and blonde in it so pretty and eye-catching. How was

he so beautiful in each detail? Will's touch turned more comforting, even the fucking. Slow and considerate, stroking Hannibal's hair and then his tear-damp cheek, pressing his thumb over the shape of his lips and gently sliding it into Hannibal's mouth, in and out like the toy.

Will sucked in a breath. He couldn't take much more of this. Hannibal responded with such sensitive vulnerability and reciprocation to his slightest sign of affection.

"Hmm. I like turning you on," he admitted on a breathy sigh of amazement.

"All you have to do is exist for that," Hannibal replied hoarsely, with a heartfelt smile.

"I'm inclined to do more." Will tilted his head, watching the toy and feeling how tight Hannibal squeezed it. How beautiful this looked, the big toy disappearing inch by inch, sucked in. And he couldn't take it anymore.

"In fact, I'll tell you a secret," he smiled, leaning into Hannibal's ear as he slowly, carefully removed the toy. "I think it's sexy as hell that you're so wet. I think it's *incredibly* hot."

Hannibal quivered and couldn't even answer, just glowed with every touch Will gave him, until Will lost the thread of his resistance again and kissed his mouth with reckless abandon.

He turned Hannibal onto his back and straddled him, seizing his pompous, gorgeous face and kissing him into a deeper daze. Their mouths were hot and perfect together, their tongues meeting with matching moans.

Then Will knelt a bit higher and undid his pants, tugging them down and releasing his aching cock. He stroked himself, shivering with pleasure and need, while staring into Hannibal's eyes.

"Like what you see? Hmm, Daddy?"

He didn't even know where "Daddy" came from, except that it seemed so natural, so pleasantly warm and tense in his belly, so right on his tongue.

Hannibal liked it, too, he blushed every time Will said it. "Yes, I love what I see," the killer admitted. "I think you're the most beautiful man in all of creation."

"Oh, really? Are you ready to show it in a more appropriate way and cut out the stupid bullshit, then?"

"Of course, Will. Please, let me show you."

Will trembled more, eyes wide with arousal, and slid his throbbing, hot cock slowly into Hannibal's open, waiting mouth. He watched it disappear like the toy had into such lovely, accommodating heat, so wet and enveloping. Hannibal began eagerly sucking him so skillfully, Will cursed and fucked his mouth hard.

"Daddy, you're really fucking good at that, you know," he grunted, every syllable breaking on another exultant twinge of pleasure. He had to stop after a while so he wouldn't come. That, he was saving up.

Hannibal seemed so adorably proud of himself. "Thank you, my dear," he smiled, in heaven, in a paradise he had feared that they would never have.

"I want to taste you, because you look so amazing, and then I want to put my fingers in you and feel how tight and perfect you are."

Will loved how loudly Hannibal moaned, how much he opened himself for the taking. The taste of bittersweet pre-cum that coated his tongue when he sucked Hannibal deep, licking at his beautiful, big cock and playing with his hole, scissoring two fingers in.

"Hannibal," he sighed deeply after pulling his mouth off. His lover was strewn on the bed in a state of complete disarray, physical and emotional. He belonged to Will entirely. And Will loved it more than anything.

"You're so fucking perfect, Daddy," Will praised, "You feel so tight and warm inside, and you got yourself all ready for me. So I think it's time."

"Yes, please, Will, please, my darling…"

That was all Will had to hear.

If he had thought Hannibal felt good squeezing his fingers, Will just wasn't ready to comprehend the powerful, overwhelming, world-shaking pleasure that rocked him to the core when he slowly thrust into the older man, their foreheads pressed together, faces strained in shocked ecstasy.

"Oh, Will, you feel *so good*," Hannibal said in a voice pulled apart by pleasure and happiness. "So, so good…"

"*Fuck*, Hannibal," Will moaned, face buried in his neck now, biting him hard, loving how Hannibal whimpered in bliss at the pain. He drew his hips back and thrust in deeper, and then he knew Hannibal was totally relaxed and accommodating, so he really lost control, knowing it was okay. It was fucking *everything*.

He slammed Hannibal's wrists to the bed and kissed him hard, fucked him harder. Then he flipped him over with a ragged growl and took him from behind while spanking him and squeezing his gorgeous ass with alternating teases and compliments falling haphazardly and sincerely from his lips. When he knew he was close to coming, he stroked Hannibal's cock, too.

While slamming into the older man with fierce energy, the pleasure at his core rising higher, deeper, so good – Hannibal came first, spurting all over Will's hand, panting out his name. This made Will climax, Hannibal clenching down on him in the throes of orgasm, crying out "Will!" and coming so much, so hard, shaking. Will could do nothing but the same, grabbing his hips and fucking as long as he could, making it go on and on, the bliss pouring hot and unbearably through them, over them, in them.

Afterwards, he soothed Hannibal softly, since his lover was upset, quietly but clearly, at suddenly losing the fullness of Will inside him. Will considered making him wear a plug

during the day from now on under those fancy suits. Couldn't have him fiending for cock all day like the beautiful, adorable slut he was.

He told Hannibal this and that he thought he could gradually begin to forgive him if there were no more lies and if this was real. That they could keep this, and he'd even stay overnight, ask Alana to tend to the dogs. She was just a mutual friend now, and an (unknowing) corroborating witness to Hannibal's plot to cover up his identity as the Ripper. That was fine; everyone would be better off where they belonged instead of mismatched with the wrong people, several shades of sad and unsatisfied.

"I snuck in here to try and steal evidence to send you to jail for the rest of your life, I'll have you know," Will laughed, lying with Hannibal in a lazy snuggle after having put some more blankets down, a good enough solution for the huge cold, wet spot of all that pre-cum, for now.

"I had to cancel my afternoon and come here to do…*this*, thinking of you, because to live another second without doing something with my desire…was too much to stand." Hannibal spoke reverently, holding Will as if he couldn't believe Will was really there, much less staying. He kept smelling the younger man's hair and playing with it, kept kissing him randomly and staring down at him when Will nuzzled fondly into his chest with warm kisses.

"Then…I guess it sounds a little like destiny," he reasoned archly, not sure he believed in that stuff. But there was no denying, the encounter was so well-timed, it felt like more than coincidence.

"It feels like destiny, and you feel like forever," Hannibal affirmed. He blushed as Will toyed with his soft, sheer lingerie and enjoyed the way his body felt, hugged by the luxurious, lacy fabric. "If you wanted to break my heart a million times, I'd let you. But this is so much better."

"It is, isn't it?" Will cuddled him even closer. "Wherever it is I'm going, so far as the evolution you like to call 'my Becoming,' you'll let me get there on my own now. Just support me. I'll keep your secrets and you'll keep mine."

"We'll keep each other," Hannibal nodded. Shyly smiling, he kissed Will, who reciprocated with tenderness.

They fell asleep with the weight of the world having been taken off their shoulders, weightless as they also free-fell further into love, and it felt like destiny, too.

End Notes

"What If" story playlist: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1o4VxY7u83cPboWjnIJRtX?si=b112d24d92184b8d

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